

Peacetime Army, Korea

A piece of lint drifts
onto the mirror
polish of

your boot
and it's worse
than Iwo Jima or Verdun!

At any rate, no longer fear-
ful of death, we take up chess,

playing through the night by
hissing Coleman lantern. Some

send for literature, and in our
Sergeants' Club (corner of
a filthy tent) beery arguments

arise over triple greats
like Paul Morphy. So, no,

ephebe, we aren't the rubes
of your college desire.